THE CRAWFORD-DILKE CASE.

II.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL—THE JUDGE—
THE VERDICT—THE EPITAPH. (FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNES

LONDON, July 26. From Friday morning, July 17, to Friday after-2000, July 24, the Crawford-Dilke case occupied the unbroken attention of the Divorce Court. And of more than the Divorce Court. All London deyoured the daily details of the trial, all England had them served up daily at breakfast, and no small part of that non-English part of the universe which Mr. Gladstone calls the civilized world was regaled with this dish. I suppose no scandal of out time has had a wider echo. No other man than Sir Charles Dilke has fallen from so great a low. While this drama was enthe law courts Ministries came went almost unregarded. It is literally true that the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's Government and the accession of Lord Salisbury to power has far less interest for the majority-both of the masses and of the classes-than the question of the guilt or innocence of Sir Charles Dilke. That must be my excuse for handling the matter at such

length. It is a social phenomenon of the first order, Of course I cannot go into the details of a trial which took up all this time. The details must be sought by those who care for them in the daily re-ports. They fill some fifty columns, though the facts he in a narrow compass. I described the scene where this tragedy was enacted, and some of the performers, in a previous letter. What I have to do now is to bring out the sationt points of the case, and to write an epitaph on Sir

This present re-hearing of the cause decided last March is due solely to the fact that Sir Charles then failed to go into the witness-box and deny on eath the charge of adultery with Mrs. Crawford. There was then no legal evidence against him. He was dismissed from the cause as corespondent. Mr. Justice Butt in one breath held that Mrs. Crawford had committed adultery with Sir Charles Dilke ; in the next that Sir Charles had not committed adulwith Mrs. Crawford. The law of Engjustifies that absurdity. Sir Charles the court in the full belief that public would accept this technical nequittal as a substantial verdict of not gunty. He thought to walk out of the Divorce Court into the palaces of Piccadilly and the Palace of Westminister, the honored and favorite guest of other days. The door of the Cabinet itself was to reopen to him. He woke next morning to find his hope a dream, and himself, as before, an outcast, Through the smear of legal waitewash from Mr. Justice Butt's brush, the blackness of his offence was just as visible to the world as ever. Legally innocent but morally guilty was the verdict of that none too austers world of London to which he made his appeal. One or two friendly jour-nals declared his vindication complete. Their voice was drowned in derision. The Liberal wirepullers of Cheisea proclaimed their belief in their representative and people said it was politics. Clergymen were found charitable enough to cover Sir Charies with their priestly rob s; it availed him not. For a brief period he tried the experiment of calling with his wife on old friends; it soon appeared that they were never at home. If he entered the House of Commons, honorable members passed without seeing him. He was a political parian. The music halls of the metropolis once more resounded with ribald ditties on the Member for Chelsea, and music hall audiences greeted them with shouts of laughter and applicuse. It became the fashion among people of fashion to visit these singular places of entertainment to listen to catches often obscene and always vulgar. The press began to mutter that the scandal of Sir Charles's situation was too flagrant. He himself presently saw that his ostracism, as things stood, spite of voteso! confidence from credulous or interested constituents, was complete and promised to be permanent. The burden of the par-

innocent why did he not go into the box and deny There was one way in which he might regain that lost opportunity. The Queen's Proctor might be moved to intervene to prevent the original that lost opportunity. The Queen's Proctor their places. The audience remained. There was inal decree nisi being made absolute, as it would without such intervention, by the mere expiration of time, in six months from its date. Facts were laid before that functionary and he did intervene. His statement to the court alleged that the original decree had been obtained contrary to the justice of the case by reason of material facts not having been brought to the knowledge of the court. Or that allegation this new trial was ordered, and Sir Charles's friends looked hopefully to the result.

able against him was ever the same : If he was

But the circumstances were no longer the same, Sir Charles Ditke, having by virtue of the first decree in his favor been dismissed from the suit at corespondent, was not now a party of record, and not entitled to appear by counsel. He could be a witness, that was all. The parties to the suit are now Mr. Crawford, who seeks to maintain the decree of divorce, and the Queen's Proctor, who seeks to upset it. Practically, however, the counsel for the Queen's Proctor conducted the case for Sir Charles Dilke. If he had been Sir Charles Russell or Sir Heury James, no complaint that the late corespondent was nurepresented would have been heard. But as he was Sir Walter Phillimore, a cry of hardship rose. By his side, however, sat throughout the case one or other of those two allowed no material point in his favor to be missed,

Far worse for Sir Charles than the absence of

counsel was the presence of Mrs. Crawford. At the former trial Mrs. Crawford was away. Her story was told in the form of her confession to her husherself who told it, it was not technically evidence against Sir Charles. But mark the bitterness of the Nemesis which dogs the footsteps of offenders. Had Sir Charles then gone into the witness box, he would have had merciy to deny his guilt and to endure a cross-examination, probably of no great severity. He would not have been confronted with Mrs. Crawford, The decree which dismissed him from the court would have had a moral justification, that of his oath and submission to cross-examination, as well mitted perjury, supposing the present verdict correct, but he would probably have regained his position in the world and that political reputation which, as he told Captain Forster, was more to hun than anything else. Nor would be have had behind him the fatal record of his first refusal to swear to his mnocence. Mr. Justice Hannen put it now to the jury in terms not less decisive because of their the advice of his counsel. All his counsel had to do at the first trial, professionally speaking, was to get a verdict, and that they were sure of. But Sir Charles, who wanted not only a verdict but the and honor, acquiesced in the advice of his counsel. We have to consider," said Sir James Hannen, "his conduct in acquiescing. When a man has heard it said that he was guilty of disgraceful confuct, the natural inference is that he says nothing because he cannot deny it, and that inference is not the less natural because the statement has been

not return now. Nothing could overcome the presumption of guilt that sprang from Sir Charles Dilke's first failure to affirm his innocence. But there was now far more than presumption; there was Mrs. Crawford's testimony. She went into the witness box and swore that her confession to her stantially," said Mr. Justice Haunen to the jury, "you are to determine between face to face; which of them by seducing. If perjury there be, that is not the truth and which of them is telling a sort which the world applauds or condones. What

made by a witness in a court of instice." And

heard a statement made involving your honor,

accept the advice of your counsel and say noth-

the Judge put it to the jury:

falsehood." Mrs. Crawford was under examination during parts of two days. She gave a long narrative of her relations with Sir Charles Dilke, complicated with incidents, full of improbabilities learly explained, and tied herself down to numer-

ous dates and places. She was not once shaken on cross-examination. She was contradicted directly and indirectly by witnesses under grave suspicion whom the jury disbelieved. She was corroborated by witnesses independent of both parties, unimpeached, whom the jury believed. But substantially, as the Judge said, the issuo rested on Mrs. Crawford's testimony as gainst Sir Charles Dilke's. Few, perhaps none, who heard Mrs. Crawford tell

er story, and who read it, doubted that it was true. Sir Charles had but one theory of the whole matter; it was a conspiracy to rum him. There was no evidence of conspiracy; the jury were asked to infer it and they declined. Had it been a conspiracy, asked the Judge, is it probable a young womar, would have invented a story like this, full of horrible particulars wholly unnecessary, each likely to be easily capable of disproof? Would not a single confession of one or two acts been enough? But every attempt to disprove these particulars broke down, Sir Charles sought to establish an alibi for the two occasions when Mrs. Crawford said she met him in Warren-st. The alibi broke down. He swore he had never been more than once or twice a year in vant of his-Madame DeSoulavy-lodged, and had never met a woman there. Other lodgers in the house, the Hilliers, father, mother and daughter, swore that he came there often: that a woman whom they described (not Mrs. Crawford), always preceded him, and that they remained together an hour in Madame DeSoulavy's room, she not being there. That evidence, said the Judge to the jury, if you believe it, destroys the value of Sir Charles Dilke's evidence as to what took place in Warren-st.; - and elsewhere, added the jury in effect. It was admitted that Mrs. Crawford described correctly the room in this house, and the bedroom in Sir Charles Dilke's own house in Stoane-st, where, as she said, she had reseatedly met him. How came she to know them if her story was not true! No answer to this ques tion was so much as suggested. She spoke of the presence of a certain young woman named Fanny n Sir Charles's bedroom when she herself was there. Fanny was not called, though her absence told heavily against him, Finally, when Sir Charles Dilke heard of Mrs. Crawford's confession to her husband, he offered her money to retract and hush up the charge. Such are some of the points on which the jury based a verdict in which Mr. Justice Hannen made his concurrence clear.

The summing up of the case by Mr. Justice Hannen was a masterly piece of work, and the manner of it was also a fine example of the English judge at his best. In an English court, unlike the American courts, or such of them as I used to know, judge and jury both sit during the judge's summing up. When the charge is a long one the practice s convenient to borb, and the English would say it has the advantage of discouraging indicial oratory. Sir James Hannen spoke with deliberation, very clearly, in a voice all the more distinet for being low. The court was stillness itelf. Sir Charles Dilke, who on the previous lay had broken out into expressions of impatience under the merciless invective of Mr. Matthews, sat notionless and silent while this address went on. There was no invective, there was nothing in the form of rebuke, no vindication of outraged morality, no pulpit discourse. Never was a Judge more rigidly impartial. He laid b fore the jury every consideration in Sir Charles's favor, gave full weight to every argument, expressed no opinion. hing to the jury. But when he had finished there was not an inch of firm foothoid left for the elaborate structure of falsification which Sir Charles had poinfully built up.

I asked a gentle nan of the law next whom I sat whether he thought the jury would be long out. Well," ans vered he, "you never can tell what a jury will do in these political cases." The Judge quitted the bench as the jury withdrew. No one else stirred. The very counsel in the case kept that the jury would col be many minutes away pervaded the court. In the absence of the Judge men stood up and chatted; there was a stir, a movement, but no departure. Five minutes passed, ten, but before the quarter hour had been reached the door of the room back of the jury box opened, the officer in charge came out; a moment later the rush fell on the court, the marmur of voices died away, a dead silence succeeded. The Judge had to be sent for and there was a panse of perhaps a minute.

I looked at Sir Charles Dilke. The return of the ary must have told him his fate-his sole chance was in a long debate and disagreement. But a man hopes against hope when e looks on death; at least, he nerves him elf tor the worst. Sir Charles sat up a little straighter. flattened his back close against the oak front of the bench behind him, steaded himself with both open hands resting hard upon the seat. Hardly a move ment of the features, except a slight twitching of the eyelids, but his attitude was that of a man expeeting a volley. While the foreman in answer to the clerk's question read out the clumsy legal phrase which announced his doom, convicted him of adultery and implied perjury, he sat like a sitting statue, not less motionless and not less white There was slight applause, instantly silenced While the lawyers and the judge discussed what technical form should be given to this awful sen ence, still he kept his seat. His solicitor was by his side, his counsel hard by, a friend or two was in court. No one of them said a word or offere his hand. When all was over Sir Charles Dilke rose, took his hat, edged past the table, looked not to the right or left, reached the steps to the little private door below the Judge's bench, and so, with head upright till he bent it to the lowness of the exit, and with a bearing Spartan to the last, quitted the ourt and went forth to the world.

Mr. Justice Hannen, as I said, concurred in the erdict of the jury. Not less clear is the concurrence of the public. The feeling of the public was shown in a rough way by hooting Sir Charles Dilke as he left the Law Courts. This began the day after Mrs. Crawford had given her evidence. A thousand or perhaps two thousand people were gathered in the Strand in front of the main entrance. Sir Charles came out. One or two foolish friends called for cheers. The crowd responded by loud groans and a rush toward his carriage, into the corner of which he sbrank back with a white face as the coachman plied the whip and tore his way through. After that, Sir Charles used to leave by the Carey-st. en-

trance, which is private, With no important exception, these groans and cries of the mob in the Strand were heard next day in the press. The tone varied, but the expression of horror was not less decided; grief often accompanying it. In society, in the world at large, it is practically the same. The verdict of the jury brands Sir Charles Ditke as something more than an adulterer, or even a perjured adulterer. As for the perjury, I asked a barrister what was likely to be "Oh," replied he lightly, " perjury is so common in this court that we don't think much of it." But there is perjury and perjury. The world excuses a man who swears faisely to save a woman' honor or reputation; if it is he who has betrayed her, it expects him to swear falsely and disowns him if he does not. It demands of him the courage and lovalty of a man who, faisely or truly, sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. But this man, by his own account, knew the story of adultery on which a decree was originally pronounced against Mr. Crawford to be faise. The court was deceived, the woman was found guilty, and he would not go into the box to save her. He finally goes in to save not her, but himself, and to try to into more hopeless ignoming the woman he began

has done Sir Charles Dilke infinite harm through all this business is the opinion, the general opinion that he has never behaved well to the woman on whom he brought ruin; that he has always sought to shield himselt, never her. From adultery, from perjury, he might in time have recovered; other men have recovered, but the nameless iniquities revealed in court, and the selfish cruelty of his conduct to Mrs. Crawford, are offences beyond the possibility of pardon, beyond the charity of obtivion, in no matter what distant future.

I said I would write his epitaph, but it must be a brief one. I am more inclined to exclaim with Othello, "The pity of it, oh, the pity of it." Few men of Sir Charles Dilke's age had behind them a more distinguished past or before them the promise of so great a future. He had in the beginning a good political start and a good social position. He lost both by his attacks on the royal family and by a sort of harem-scarem republicanism which came to nothing. Then he set to work to regain what he had forfeited and to rebuild his fortunes. Slowly, very slowly at first, he climbed upward. He had infinite patience, tact, fortitude, capacity for tak ing pains and for bard work. After years of struggle, he succeeded. He became an ornament of society, a pillar in the political temple. In 1880 he forced the door of the Cabinet for his friend, Mr. Chamberlain, and presently walked in himself. He was popular in the House, idolized by his constituents, a conspicuous figure with the public. He himself a European name in the Foreign Office, though only Under-Secretary. His fortune was ample, he was in the prime of life and he had that singular strength which comes the enthusiastic friendship, if more than friendship, of women whose beauty. rank, influence, were so many tributes and helps to the advancement of the man to whom they were devoted. He was freely named as a probable Prime Minister of England.

Feetish for a man to risk all this for an intrigue with a young, unknown woman, you say. No doubt, though the intrigue with Mrs. Crawford was, in the general belief, only one of many. Foolish or wicked, or whatever you like, it had come to an end. A year had passed; if there was danger, the danger had passed, as he might well think. Then all at once Mrs. Crawtord confesses. In a day or two-it was just at the end of the season in July, 1885-the story is all over London; spread as such stories do spread, and is believed or disbelieved at the fancy of each person who hears it. Then comes the trial of last March which established a conviction in his guilt, drove him from society for the time being, excluded him from the Cabinet. The trial and verdict of last week have confirmed that belief, have aggravated it, and have sent him out into the world an utterly runned man. They say he will live abroad and perhaps write a book, -that political history of the nineteenth century which he has long had in mind. If he writes a book the book will be judged on its merits, and may bring him fame. But the man is judged aiready and the judgment on the man is held in London to be irre-

ELECTRIC LIGHTS WANTED DOWN TOWN. G. S. PALMER SHOWS HOW THE PRODUCE DEALERS WOULD BE BENEFITED BY THE M.

A movement is being agitated by the produc a dealers doing business west of Broalway between Harrisen and Liberty sts. to get the Aldermen to pass a resoon authorizing the lighting of the lower part of the

"There are many good reasons why this should be done," said G. S. Palm r, a produce dealer at No. 166 Readest, to a Tunnan reporter recently. "In the first that Cortlandt st is lighted, go up Liberty st., which is dark. It is the very place to be chosen by highway reblers and oblepockets, and if there was a better light in the street pedestrians would be comporatively eafe at all hours of the night. This is by no means the only important point in favor of the electric lights. While the majerity of the people in New York are asceep, there is going on one of the largest branches of tradeand from midnight until after daylight their wagons flii the streets around Washington Market. Money changes hands under the dim light of a faintly flickering gas let.

often grievons mistaces occur, which with better light would never take place, to through this section any morning about 2 o'clock and you will find the scaler and buyer trying it come to some agreement over the process of a watch-load of garden truck. On account of the imperfect light the commission merchant cannot detect the bad parts or his load, and he frequently finds himself with decayed frint or regelation, while on the other hand, he cannot see whether the vezetables are bester in quality than others that he may buy, and, of course, he will not pay what they are actually worth.

"Hardly a night passes that the police in the Twenty-seventh Prochet do not have asses of petry pill ering by should his loves reported to them. It is an easy matter for a tolef to carry off a basket of vegetables, or eggs, and many times live pountry is taken from the crates that they come in. The electric light would also be of material assistance to the firmen in getting to fires. Because the streets are narrow there is little room left for the passage of engines and hook and lander truess. The other night walle rounding through Greenwie. St. to a fire in Cortlanstest, an engine ran into a farmer's wagon, taking off one of too wheels and scattering the vegetables around the street. The ejectric lights would be as cheap in the long run as gas. There would not have to be more than one light to a block, and the police force in the lower part of the city could be lessened and the meney thus saved would be a gain to the city.

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT THE CONFEDERACY. WHAT HE KYLW ABOUT THE CONFEDERACY.

From The Checaro Tribune.

"Mr. Prestdent," Sand a tall gaunt-eyed man who called at the White House. "I have waited on you because, believe you are naturally kind-bearted and just, and I wanted to personally request you to approve a bill for my relief which has passed Congress. I was lor over a year in the Confederate."

"My dear sir," answered the President, with a beam inc amile, "don't say another word. It always affords inc the greatest pleasure to approve a meritorious measure. I have examined the bill and find that your case is a deserving one. Dan, where is the bill providence.

"Thanks!" said the fall man, as tears of gratitude silled his eyes. "I was sure your Excellency had been selled, and I know you would sign it when you knew the circumstances. As I was about to observe, I was for eyer a year in the Confederate prison at Andersonylile, and — ""

"What!" interrupted the President, in a thundering voice and with a savage frown. "That will do, sir. In looking ever this bill I find that under a misapprehension of his nature I have made a rash promiss. Your case, sir, is not enth as to entitle you to any relief at the hands of this Government. Holding, as I do, a public office, and besilevine, se I do, that a public office is a public frust, I would be recreant to that trust if I allowed the public money to be deribled away in any assumance as is contemplated in this bill. I shall be compelled to veto this measure. I wish you good-mercile, sir. Door, Dan."

JUVENILIA.

ENCLE JOHN.

From The Washington Post.

Her mother was trying to impress alout her at prayer time an idea of the wonderful goodness of God.

"Who gives you the bread you eat?" she asked solemly of the little tot.

"God gives me the bread, I suppose," answered the little one just a little onbloady, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on," she added with confidence.

THE GOOD LITTLE BOY

AN INTELLIGENT CHILD. AN INTELLIGENT CHILD.

From The Boston Record.

Grandfather Aying who has been much abroad and speaks French like a native, is trying to teach Baby Mary French phrases. He succeeds for a while, the child catching the accent remarkably, till she suddenly tires and turns away with the sautic excuse, "Baby's busy now! baby's busy!"

Another time reproved by her father, she retreats to the duning room. Miss G. a guest, notices her there alone, and asks. "What is the matter with Mary!"

"Oh, my papa's cross as he can be, and he's saucy too!"

HE MOVED OF TO THE NEXT.

From The Akanese Traveller.

Captain Nigriesworth, who is a candidate for the Legislature, stopped at the unpretentious house of old Sam Saber. After supper, while the candidate was sitting on the porch amoking a cigar, Saber's little boy shyly approached. "Come here, my son. Sit on my knee. Now you're fixed. Do you go to school?" "No; but me are 'Dick killed a water moccasin ylatiler." "You did! Ah. hab. "Were you not afraid he would bite you!" He, he counds' bite me. I could git outen his way an' hit him with a rock." "My sixtle man, after awhile you can tell the people that you sat on Captain Nigricaworth's knee." "Ho, that sin't anthu' ter tell, I aat on my pap's knee 'pittidy an' he's bigger'n you." "Yes, it would be something to tell, for I'm going to the Lagislature." "Pap says you aid!." What!" putting the boy down. "Yes, when he seed you coun'n he said! 'Youder comes that blamed fool. He thinks he's goin' ter the Legislature, but he ain't got sense enough to holler when he's doy bit, 'That's what my pap said." "Get away." A few minutes later, had the night not been so dark, a selitary borseman might have been soon siding along the aid

THE PANAMA CANAL.

CHIEFS ON THE VERANDA AND NEGROES IN THE DITCH. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

GORGONA, Isthmus of Panama, Aug. 2. The cutting of the Panama Canal has been not naptly compared to a military operation. The company has encountered the perplexities of a campaigu. in constructing hospitals, supporting a medical establishment, maintaining its facilities for transportation, and preserving the efficiency of its commissariat. And, as in an army, the personal characters and habits of the rank and file are factors of great moment in the determination of its effective force. M. de Lesseps and his condjutors in the directorate no doubt selected the resident officials of the company with as much discretion as their financial alliances permitted. The contractors selected themselves where the contracts were undertaken by large corporations. personnel of the resident managers was regulated in very much the same way as that of the caual company's officers. Many, however, of the minor contracts were awarded to haphazard speculators, who had no special knowledge and no fitness for their work. Enabled by some opportune fortuity to furnish the required guarantee, they selected contracts which afforded a certainty of profit, and perfected themselves in the art of getting the official surveyor's certificate of work achieved with is little outlay as possible. The official surveyors visit the chantiers every two weeks, measure the excavation, and the contractor is paid for as many enbic metres as the surveyor's certificate shows. These small contractors display an amount of energy, well or ill directed, in striking contrast with the demeaner of the salaried men. What money they make out of their contracts has to be made quickly, for in consequence of an ingenious system of " freezing out" pursued by the larger contractors, the small fry rarely get more than one

contract. There are at each of the stations four social strata. If, indeed, the section happens to be the apital of one of the five great divisions, the resident chief of division and his immediate staff form the first of five ranks. The chief of section is, however, usually at the top of the tree, as the division chiefs find congenial occupation for most of their time in Panama. The houses built for the occupation of these officers of the canal company are generally placed on the most desirable site at station. The greater the rank, the higher on the hill the house stands. A large sum of money has been more or less judiciously expended in building approaches to these houses, laying out gardens: sometimes in making an avenue of trees. On the 14th of July many a Frenchman at home toasted the friend whom he imagined to be encamped on a desert of mud in Panama, with quinine for a condiment and physic for wine. But in fact the exile was sitting on the veranda of a pretty ouse possed on the summit of a verdant hill-flags and decorations all over the chantier, commemorating the Fall of the Bastile and the Rise of the Compagnie Universelle, and surrounded by an unlimited supply of creature comforts. The officials do, except that their houses are not quite so high on the hills nor quite so elegantly ap-Next come the subalterns, who spend their leisure time at the contine, and last the ubiquitous Jamaica negro, who sleeps in a barrack

When the observer first sees the elaborate provision made for the health and comfort of the Imper class of residents on the line, it is hard for him to believe the ghastly taies be heard in Panama. The dread of the line manifested by residents in the city is indescribable. Behind the town and at the foot of Mt. Ancon lies the little city of hospitals; on the pretty road from Panama to La Boca are the large but insufficient cemeteries. People in Panama see the hospital-car discharge its freight at the railway station, the ambulances deposit their burdens at the doors of the hospitals, the dead-wagons unload their hardly more ghastly contents at the busy gates of the cemeteries. They see strong men, laughing at dancer, stride down the platform of the railway station, leaving Panama, and see them returning from the line, borne up the platform on stretchers foul with horrid stains of black and yellow. upper class of residents on the line, it is hard for

each other dry long ago-and they sit in the dark, drink iced comrounds and meditate mournfully on the increase of yellow fever, the destructive rains and the last news from Paris.

At the cautine down in the valley the scene is much the same. On the one hand, the tusil oil which the lessee labels with etiquettes of absinthe or cognac, is more deleterious than the beverages of M. Chose; and the subalterns who drink it have been longer exposed to the heat of the day. But on the other hand they are generally men of sturdier build. But how the stoutest of them suffer! " Ah, M'sieu," says a huge bearded Breton in high russet boots and broad crimson sash. " this is not the sun

of Heaven-it is the sun of Hell." All this administrative apparatus is maintained for the purpose of directing the labor of the Jamaica negro. Experiments with other classes of laborers have conclusively demonstrated that the canal is to be finished by the negrot if it is to be finished at all. He is the only type whose health will endure labor in the hot sun and repose in the infernal mists of the line. But unhapitly, his case is somewhat like that of the toad in the heart of the rock. The toad can live there—but his vitality in so trying a position is curious rather than valuis somewhat like that of the toad in the heart of the rock. The toad can live there—but his vitality in so trying a position is curious rather than valuable, inasmuch as he accomplishes nothing beyond the one achievement of continued existence. The Janasica negro, acting on his own volition, will not work at all. With the proportionate disbursement for supervision required by intelligent white labor, he will go through the form of working. To get even spasmodic work—real work—out of him, requires a grossly disproportionate outlay in foremen's wages. He has no labor-morality. Directing his labor is like driving a horse who stands still as soon as he fails to hear his master's exhortations. The foreman of a gang of these negroes cannot leave one of them with an hour's work laid out for him, and return at the end of an hour to that the work done. It is literally the fact that the average canal laborer will not work for more than ten minutes consecutively as the result of one initial impulse. At the epd of that time he must receive a new impetus, and this impetus must be of a taugi-

ago canal laborer will not work for more than ten miantes consecutively as the result of one initial impulse. At the epd of that time he must receive a new impetus, and this impetus wist be of a tangible nature. It is not sufficient for him to know that the foreman is in his immediate vicinity. He must meet the foreman's eye or hear the foreman's voice when he stops at the end of those ten minutes. He is the worst laborer in the world. The negro, as seen in the cotton plantations of Mississippi, seems to an Anglo-Saxon marvellously stapid and lazy. The Jamaica negro is more than that. He is wholly devoid of any sense of the righteousness of hard work.

Many of the contractors are now trying to make the negro "boss" himself by giving him task-work. Two negroes are put in charge of a pan-car. They have to shovel blasted took into this pan-car—occasionally to do a little preliminary work with the pickaxe—push the car along a tramway to the dump. For each pan-car load these two uge receive a tally-ticket, for which they are baid at the end of the day 15 cents (Colombian currency—9 cents United States gold), and for this pan-car load time canal company pays the contractor 60 cents (Colombian currency—36 cents U. S. gold), and the 45 cents (Colombian currency—27 cents U. S. gold) difference has to cover first, the cost of blasting; second, the cost of the wages of the "hosses"; fourth, the rental of the pan-cars, which are hired by the contractor from the commany at 10 per cent per annum on their first cost; fifth, the appropriate proportion of the cost of the implements purchased at the contractor's proper cost and the primary cost of installation; sixth, the interest on the confractor applies of the contractor work; eighth, the appropriate contribution found, required by the contractor as analy derives a second profit from the source of their purchases at the end of the day when they receive the objectionable "tally system," prevalent in the English mines, obtains in any of the ections; and it certainly does not. I

Panama, and see them returning from the line, borned up the obtation on stretchers foul with horrid stains of black and yellow.

Yes; the work on the Isthmus is a campaign—a campaign in which the anemy gives no quarter, which no truce interrupts, no treaty can ever terminate. And it is hard to realize all this when one first sees how men live out on the line. But a more intimate acquaintance with their habits soon explains the absolute futility of all the sanitary precautions which were designed for their protection against the terrible climate. Consider the daily routine of life in one of these fine houses out the line.

M. Chose rises at half past 5 after a night made wretched by the heat and mosquitoes. When he has finished his lavarious bath, he waiks out upon the veranda and approaches the veranda table. This table is a very important element in life on the line. It is sorread by the servants before daylight, and is often not cleared until almost daylight the next morning. On it stand, constantly replemished, a bowl of broken iee, bottles of soda, and a bottle of absunthe, a bottle of cognac, a bottle of green chartreuse. Flanking these are a dozen sorts of liquear and bitters, whiskey, gin, nobblers, limes and all the other paraphernatia appropriate. Opaque masses of white mist roll up from the valley below, and thicken about the table. One can fancy that the missing seems to be most dense about its chief ally, the bottle of absunthe. Chose is cool after his bath-just before it he was perspiring violently—two hours before that the was perspiring violently—two hours before that was awakened by the sudden and brief chill which is always noticeable in the hardon and brief chill which is always noticeable in the analysis of the listing and an approach of the listing and any other contents of the listing and any other can be a constantly called upon to be alive negro on the Istuma. The foremen are constantly called upon to decide their contents of the label. The respective of amanea negrosses. They rarely figh

dense about its chief ally, the botto of absinthe, M. Chose is cool after his bath-just before it he was perspiring violently-two hours before that he was nearly introversely the work of the state was nearly introversely the work of the state was nearly introversely the work of the state was nearly introversely the sudden and brief chilf which always noticeable in the atmosphere of the Istimus at about 30 clock in the morning. He mixes himself a rocktail, one for each of them. If he is disposed to unusual caution he compounds what he calls a fearly the control of the control of the state in the state of the s

NAPOLEON THE SECOND.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF AN UNHAPPY PRINCE. GROW THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

A controversy is now going on in the scientific world on the conditions under which genius is pro-duced. Senator Naquet and Doctors Marechal, Jacopy and Bull say that it is a neurose and that most great men have had mad or epiteptic ancestors or descendants or been themselves attacked with epilepsy or been in some respects on the very brink of lunacy. Cæsar and Peter the Great had falling sickness. Napoleon was subject to long fits of fainting that resembled catalepsy. Newton had also a disordered nervous system. Byron's mother was a raging, irresponsible termagant and his father no better. Isabella the Catholic, who was certainly a woman of genius, had a mad uncle, a mad brother, and a mad daughter, the aucestor of all the Spanish and Austrian Hapsburgs. Her (Isabella's) grandson. Charles V., also a man of prodigious political genius, was epileptic and the progenitor of a line which ended in idiocy. Pascal bad fits and hallucinations. Luther also had the latter and thought he saw the devil in person coming to tempt him. William the Conqueror was the son of Robert the Devil, who must have had, to judge from the legend which has been handed down, a nervous system that ran riot. According to the new theory, genius like the orchard, pear or apple tree, or the double rose, or dahlia, is abnormal and except in an intel-lectual sense sterile. Thus Dante (a hypochondriac), Michael Angelo, Raphael, Shakespeare, Cowper, Wordsworth, Byron, Scott and De Quincey either left no posterity or families that soon died out. That of Victor Hugo is not apparently des tined to live long. Victor Hugo had, on the maternal side, a mad uncle and mad cousins. His brother Eugene died in a madhouse and his only surviving daughter Adele has been for years in confinement. Maria Theresa was unonestionauly like Isabetla the Catholic, a woman of political genius, but she had not a child with a well balanced brain and most of her grandchildren were epileptic. In short what scientists now hold about genius being a neurose comes into the Greek idea that the gods let celestial light into the human brain through chinks in the skull.

While on this subject I shall call attention to the interesting recollections of the Duke de Reichstadt, by M. Hermann Rollett, whose father, a doctor practising at the pretty watering place of Baden, near Vienna, had occasion there to treat the Empress Marie Louise in 1830. She lived then in the Pavillon de Flore," and her son by her first husband in "the Greek Temple" opposite. He was pate and slender, of a more than delicate complexion, and rode out daily followed by a groom. His attire was simple-a brown coat buttoned across his chest and a felt hat. In going down the Gutenbrunner he went at a slow pace but the moment he got into Helensdale he put spurs to his horse and rode as if pursued by furies. One day the Empress Marie Louise came to consult Doctor Rollett, and seeing his son Hermann, the author of the "Recollections," who was then a boy of ten, arranging a collection of butterflies, she looked at what he was doing, praised his taste as shown in the arrangement of the insects which he had bred himself from caterpillars, and with a deep drawn sigh exclaimed: "What would I not give for my son to be bitten with such a passion!" "Why not try to put him in the way of contagion!" replied the doctor. "How could I do so!" asked the Empress. "Bring him here to see the collection." "Impossible, alas! He would not let himself be retsuaded. He nurses moodines and can't leat anything which drags him out of it." "Weil, then, the youngster will take the caterpillars to him." Marie Louise said she would be grateful to him for the trouble and it was arranged that he was to go two days subsequently to the Payillon de Flora when the Duke de Reichstadt would be there, Little Kollett brought his boxes containing the caterpillars, over which there were coverings of thin game. Some were devouring leaves, others were making cocoons, others were in the strunken, sickly state preceding metamorphosis. All that the young entomologist had to say went in at one of Napoleon the Second's ears and out at the other. He amiably a feeted interest but was distraught and melancholy—in short, a pale young Hamlet on whom his mother had no moral nor sentimental hold. She had a lot of small Italian-reared childrea by the second husband, Nepperg. But as they irritated the nerves of the Duke de Reichstadt they were not just then with her. The Duke was absorbed in ambitious plans or rather dreams. France had a few weeks previously everthrowal Louis Philipper. As he was out of health and irrisigh exclaimed: "What would I not give for my sorbed in ambitious plans or rather dreams. France had a few weeks previously everthrowal Louis Philippe. As he was out of health and irritable his grandfather, the Emperor Francis I, censed to throw cold water on his aspirations which all turned an a Napoleonic restoration. However, as the Duke, who was singularly well-bred, saw his mother desired with all her heart that he should study entomology, he told young Rollett to come often with his caterpillars, and pretended to be interested in them. The effort of this innocent piece of deception was always too much for him and he after a few moments appeared to sink down from sheer fattigue.

of deception was any search to sink down from sheer fatigue.

M. Hermann Rollett has a distinct remembranes of the physiognomy, manners and air of the untortunate prince and of what he said and the voice in which he spoke. It was a sweet though hollow voice, the air was gentle and sad and he resembled in a striking way his father and mother. The chin and the curve of the maxiliaries were Napolconic. But the torehead had the peculiar curve of the Hapsburgs. He had also the pale sky-blue eyes, the fair hair and the long nose with a dip and wide nostrils of his mother. But her nose was heavy and his was delicately chisciled and had that sharpened look which presages an carry death. The complexion was wan and transparent and an inner light seemed to beam through it. The attention of face and figure enhanced the poetry of the countenance. The cast of his face in the Museum of Baden near Vienna gires an exact idea of his features.

Museum of Baden near Vienna gives an exact idea of his features.

Beside this cast is another taken of Napoleon at St. delena to be sent to his son. M. Rollett tells how it got there and his recital is a curiosity of history. His story shows what a common place German frau Marie Louise must have been. One day after the Duke de Reichstadt's death Doctor Rellett was called in to attent some of her Neiperg offspring. In passing out of their rooms he saw in the nursery a child drawing as a cart a plaster cast to which it had fastened a bit of twine. The hellow part was uppermost. The doctor stooping to examine it found it was the first Napoleon's cast and was told it was given to the care of the Empress's butler with orders that he was never to let the Duke de Reichstadt see it. The nurse finding it in a press gave it to a cross child to amuse it and so it came to be used as a toy eart. Doctor Rollett obtained it for the asking and presented it with the cast of Mozart and the collection of skulls left to him (the doctor) by Gall the phrenologist to the Museum of Baden.

MR. AND MRS ---

"Miss Philodelphi." in The Providence Journal.

Yes, I agree with you that English people are capable, somehow, of the frankest bad manners in the world. Have you neard any of the funny store silying about that English couple touring amongst us a while ago! Mr. and Mrs. —! They are both, you know, public characters, both literary, learned in their grooves, Madame seabetic, Yonsiour, Reverend, philantaropic, and a musical enthusiast.

A musical triend of mine met them and was sufficiently fascinated by their converse to meditate inviting them to spend some days at her house. She mentioned this project to the lady who was entertaining them. I have no doubt you would make a visit charming to them," the lady replied, "but before you ask these, I think I ought, inhospitable as it seems, to give you some slight account of our experience as hosts."

This visit to us was to begin at timeh time. It was almost the how for that meal when Mr. —, from whom they were coming to us, drove hastily to our door. "Have Mr. and Mrs. — reached here yet!" were almost his first words.

"Well, we're at an utter toss what to do. They left us this morning with no word as to their luggage, their tranks are standing open in their rooms, nothing packed up, even their toilet apparatus scattered about. Are set to have taem packed, do you suppose?"

Just then our guests came. Salutations over. "Are our boxes come?" demanded Madame. Mr. — intersect to have taem packed, do you suppose?"

Just then our guests declined them, but Mr. — hooked very curiously to seek the hoxes and specied, we did not understand your intentions about them."

"Very good," returned Mr. —, "The luggage shall come at once." He has no vater, and his wite no miniful but Somebody packed the boxes and specied them have. At took was to be one of the was broken open, "Why, they're not meat." he exclaimed.

"On, no, they're a hot bread made of unboited flour," we said.

"Aw' then I'll try one," he remarked. "I think it's very stugit to travel in a foreign country and shur all th

look!"

For dinner we had a turkey—a very large one. Some of it was grilled for supper, and next day we had some in a said at hunch. Nr.—did not under-tand what the dish was, and I said it was turkey said. "Aw" he suswered me, "turkey for dinner, turkey for any for lunch; no wonder they call the turkey the American bird!"